Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd Parle, know now vpon advice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a diuell: Thinkst thou *Horensio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the high crosse euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farr forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t'afresh; Sweete *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio* till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainesse do confesse to thee
That art to mee as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrle:

Counsaile

Counsail me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsels sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweete beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her s
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweete was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him from his tran
I pray you awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieue her. Thus it stan
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That till the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suiters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Father he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cuning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marrie am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.